

The Wager

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/7890655) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/7890655>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Underage
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J.K. Rowling
Relationship:	Remus Lupin/Severus Snape , Sirius Black/Severus Snape , James Potter/Severus Snape , Remus Lupin/Other(s) , Sirius Black/James Potter
Character:	Severus Snape , Remus Lupin , Sirius Black , James Potter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Multiple Partners
Collections:	Ink Stained Fingers , PRINCIPE_MESTIZO
Stats:	Published: 2003-02-15 Words: 9653

The Wager

by Rhys [archived by [ISF_Archivist](#)]

Summary

The Maruaders make a bet that only Severus Snape can settle.

Notes

This story was originally archived at [Ink Stained Fingers](#), which was created in 2002 as a home for Harry Potter slash fiction. To preserve the archive, we began manually importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in January 2015. We e-mailed all authors about the move and posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this author or artist, please contact me using the e-mail address at the [Ink Stained Fingers collection profile](#).

Author's notes: Not connected to my Obsessions series, rather an AU done just for the hell of it. My take on the Catholic school girl obsession, completely unrealistic, but hopefully good fun.

The Wager

Severus poked listlessly at his dinner, twirling a half-eaten piece of beef around his plate with his fork, making arcane patterns in the gravy. He didn't even raise his head when he heard the Lucius Malfoy's voice from across the table.

"What the bloody hell is wrong with you?" the older boy hissed, but Severus kept his dark eyes focused on his plate, letting out a sigh that stirred the hair hanging in his eyes.

"Nothing."

"Oh, right, nothing. You've been a complete wet blanket these last few weeks. If you don't eat, you're going to become even more of a skeleton than you already are."

Severus deigned to raise his eyes for that, and he gave a wan smile to the blond scowling at him. "Didn't know you cared so much, Lucius."

"I don't, I just don't fancy my Potions marks sliding down to their previously unacceptable-to-my-father levels." Lucius jabbed his knife viciously in the younger boy's direction to emphasize his point as he continued. "So spill, Severus."

"There's nothing to spill," Severus protested, shrugging his narrow shoulders. And there wasn't - well, not really. The dark haired boy couldn't pin his recent malaise of spirit on anything in particular, it was more a sort of general dissatisfaction with life. School was going fine, as usual; Severus was too smart to do poorly in any particular subject, though his Transfiguration marks could have been better. He certainly had plenty of friends...but there was something there, wasn't there?

There were several other Slytherin boys that Severus hung around - Lucius, Evan, Gavin, Ravi, and Avery - and they all certainly got on well enough, but he didn't have really close relationships with any of them. Of course, neither did Lucius, but then the cool blond had Sirius Black, didn't he? If they weren't getting into fistfights in the halls, they were shagging like mink in one or the other's dorm. Severus had the misfortune to walk in on one of these heated sessions, and nearly had his head taken off when Lucius had thrown a candlestick with unerring accuracy.

Maybe that was it. Maybe what he was really missing was being in some sort of romantic relationship, though Severus despaired at the thought. After all, he was hardly the kind of boy the other blokes went for: too skinny by half, tangled, greasy hair, a huge nose, and the kind of olive-toned skin that was too light to be considered exotic and too dark to be considered creamy.

Severus' gloomy thoughts were interrupted by a sharp poke on the back of his hand. He looked up with a startled, "Oi!" to see Lucius grinning, and pulling back his fork. Severus frowned fiercely at him, wiping mashed potatoes off his hand fastidiously. "What is wrong with you today, Lucius? Run out of Gryffindors to molest?"

"Ooh, harsh!" The older boy clutched at his chest, leaning backward in his chair. "You're just jealous, Severus."

"Yeah," Ravi LeStrange chimed in from a few seats down, throwing a pea at Severus' head and instead managing to hit Gavin Crabbe.

"Oi!" Gavin stood and stretched his impossibly tall form across the table to try and swat at the half-Indian boy, who ducked back out of the way with a laugh.

"Oh, yes, Lucius, I'm really upset that I don't have someone who breaks my nose between

classes every week. Just green, honestly. Or that I haven't some chubby little Hufflepuff to snog in the astronomy tower, but who won't put out. Please." The dark-haired boy rolled his eyes scornfully.

"Hey! Julia is *not* chubby!" Ravi exclaimed angrily, ignoring Gavin for a moment, and managing to get smacked on the back of the head for his inattention. "Hey!" But Gavin, satisfied that justice had been served, sat down again with a satisfied smirk. "She isn't at all, she's-"

"*Voluptuous*," the rest of the table chimed in, setting off another series of dark looks from Ravi. He did shut up, though, Severus noted with satisfaction.

"And you *are* jealous, Severus, that you don't have that kind of *passion* in your life," Lucius finished with a sniff, startling snickers out of several other Slytherin and a snort from the younger boy. He couldn't say anything back, though, because he thought it just might be true.

As Avery and Evan debated whether "passion" might mean rampant buggery, or perhaps just a really good blow job, Severus allowed his eyes to drift lazily over to the Gryffindor table, finding Sirius Black with relative ease. He was actually quite good looking, in a flash kind of way, and Severus could see the attraction, at least physically. But he was a such a *bastard*, and so obnoxious sometimes!

Like now, the well-built Gryffindor had his arm looped around one of his friend's neck, a soft-looking redhead with unfortunate teeth and a rather rodent looking face, Peter-something, wasn't it? And he was addressing his House, saying something that made the younger boy's face flush uncomfortably, and exciting a series of titters from the rest of the table. Except for those other two Black was always hanging around with, Potter and Lupin.

Potter was simply rolling his eyes, saying something back that caused Black to pull his arm back and grab across the table for his friend. Potter darted back out of reach easily, his messy thatch of dark hair obscuring his eyes as he laughed. Black joined in suddenly, poking the redhead lightly and obviously apologizing. The fourth boy, Lupin, merely watched the goings-on with a small Mona Lisa smile and a quick query to Peter that elicited a nod from the younger boy.

Yes, Black was definitely the best looking of the bunch, but then Lucius was used to getting the best, wasn't he? Potter wasn't half bad, either, though a bit on the thin side. Peter - Pettigrew, that was it! - was quite hopeless, though he did have rather pretty strawberry blond curls that he gathered in a ponytail. Now Lupin, Lupin was something else altogether.

Not attractive in the brash way of Sirius, but still, something to admire. Honey-brown hair, thick and shaggy, and the kind of face that didn't strike a person right away, but upon closer examination held a subtlety of expression that hinted at a complex mind behind it. Broad shoulders, and that stocky, compact build so typical of the Welsh.

//Now why do I remember that little fact?// the Slytherin mused, almost missing the fact that the boy being so intently stared at had now turned to look back at him. Severus blinked rapidly, and turned his attention back to his plate hastily. //Last thing I need to do is give those buggers more ammunition to harass me with.//

"Alright, Sev?" Evan asked from his right, and he looked over quickly. The 5th year cocked one of his thick eyebrows at his friend, as Severus nodded.

"Yeah, I really am, Evan, don't worry about it." He glanced at the rest of the group, now

engaged gamely in a discussion on the relative merits of Transfiguration versus Charms in cheating on a test, and had to smile fondly. Okay, maybe he hadn't found the one true love of his life or anything, but life wasn't all *that* bad. He resolved to at least make an effort to cheer up.

Still, throughout the course of the meal, he found his eyes sneaking back every now and then to the Gryffindor table. He watched Black and his friends chatting and laughing intermittently, until at one point he noticed Black, Potter, and Pettigrew had all turned their attention to Lupin, who was staring down at the surface of the table as though it contained the secrets of universe inscribed on pitted wood. Potter suddenly leaned back, rubbing his chin, and Black leaned over to whisper something in his ear. Both boys wore suddenly thoughtful expression as Pettigrew frowned at them, and then Potter nodded decisively.

The two boys got up and began making their way over to the Slytherin table. "Don't look now, but here comes tall, dark, and a pain-in-the-arse," Severus murmured. Evan glanced over his shoulder and spotted the approaching Gryffindors, snickering.

"Looks like your *boyfriend* couldn't wait to get back to the dorms tonight, Lucius," he remarked slyly, causing the blond to look up from his conversation with Ravi.

"Well, I am irresistible," he responded coolly, but his grey eyes flashed curiosity as well, and he raised an eyebrow as the two Gryffindors stopped, right behind Severus.

"Budge up, then," Black said to Evan rather rudely, squeezing in between the two Slytherins and slinging his arm companionably around Severus' shoulder. Potter leaned casually on the other shoulder, startling a "Hey!" from the younger boy. Both Gryffindors ignored him, however, choosing to turn their attention to Lucius instead.

"Oi, Lucius, can we borrow Snape for tonight?" Black asked lazily, leaning forward a bit and hooking his arm more firmly around the back of Severus' neck.

"What do you want him for, then?" Lucius asked, regarding his lover in surprise.

"Oh, just to settle a little wager for us," Potter replied with an easy grin.

"What kind of wager?" Lucius' voice was wary, though interested, leaving Severus to fume under the weight of two entirely-too-sneaky Gryffindors. "I can't just loan out my Slytherins-"

"*Thank* you, Lucius," the boy in question ground out, earning a crooked grin from the blond as he continued.

"As I was saying, I can't loan out my Slytherins for just any old wager. It has to be a good one." He ignored the indignant noises coming from Severus, and Black disentangled himself and leaned across the table to whisper in his lover's ear. A speculative look crossed his handsome features, and his grin grew wider as he stared at Severus.

"Lucius, you can't just-"

"I can if you want to stay in my good graces, Severus," the older boy shot back, earning himself a furious glare. But the younger boy knew better than to argue when Lucius Malfoy had decided something. Being in his bad books meant all sorts of extra work and detentions when things just *happened* to go wrong in class, and it just *happened* to be blamed upon the unfortunate victim of the blond's wrath.

"Fine!" Severus snapped. "Whatever." He looked down at his plate, his dark face flushed red in

anger.

"Severus." The younger boy looked up, still scowling, but lured by the gentleness in his friend's tone. "Trust me, you won't mind. You might even thank me when it's all over."

"Well, what is it?"

"I can't tell you..." Lucius looked over at Potter and Black, then smiled, a knowing smirk that utterly exasperated Severus whenever he saw it. A smirk that said, 'I'm the 7th year, I know better.'

"Fine," he repeated sullenly, hunching his shoulders away from his two unwanted companions' touch.

"Come on then," Potter said reasonably as Black got to his feet.

"What, now?" Severus looked up in consternation.

"Yeah, no time like the present," Black replied, tugging on the back of the younger boy's robe. Firming his mouth into a thin line, Severus got to his feet, shooting another glare at Lucius before following reluctantly behind the two older boys, out of the Great Hall.

He expected to be led back to their dorm, or maybe somewhere outside, so that whatever humiliation was planned could be enacted upon him in relative privacy. However, Black sauntered through the school corridors past several classrooms, up three sets of stairs, and into a little used corridor on the fourth floor. The portraits on the walls here watched with interest, unused to visitors, and one particularly cheeky witch jumped from frame to frame, following them and tittering wildly.

"Found someone else to play with, eh, Sirius?" the witch inquired. Black ignored her, but Potter replied politely enough.

"Well, sort of, Muriel. This is a bit...different."

"Oi, shut it, Jamie," Black hissed in annoyance. "Muriel's the biggest gossip there is..."

"Oh, she's not that bad, are you, Muriel?" The witch tittered again, shooting a knowing look at Snape.

"Not too many people to talk to up here...hey, little boy!" Severus glared at her, coaxing forth another of her seemingly endless giggles.

"I'm not a little boy!" He was taller than either Black or Potter!

"You'd best watch yourself, little boy...these two are *insatiable*!" And with that, the witch scampered back down the hall, startling an old, long-forgotten Headmaster who had been dozing in his frame.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Severus asked Black suspiciously, but he just laughed as he took out his wand, stopping in front of a nondescript door.

"Never mind, Snape," he warned, then whispered to the door, making an odd little gesture with his wand, "*Effregi*."

The door creaked open, and Black led the way inside, Potter taking up the rear and herding a

now-even-more-reluctant Severus into the room. It looked like a storage room, in the light from the torches in the hallway: old desks were piled haphazardly along one wall, along with stacks of chairs. Dusty rugs were sloppily rolled and lined up against the other wall, and against the far wall...

Beds. Three rather large ones, actually, two of which were stripped and looked as though up until recently they had been the happy home of several families of rats. The third was clean, and made up with fresh sheets and linens and several plump, soft-looking pillows.

Severus spun on his heel, determined to get out of here right now, and damn what Lucius wanted, but Potter was blocking his way with a sly smile, and the door swung closed, bathing the room in utter darkness. This sudden lack of sight - combined with being book-ended by two older boys who were *not* friends, and the freshly made bed - squeezed a small, and intensely embarrassing squeak from the Slytherin.

A squeak which set off a round of sniggers from the two Gryffindors, only interrupted by Potter's gasped, "*Elucido!*"

The room suddenly glowed with flickering light as the many candles scattered throughout the room were suddenly lit. Severus backed up rapidly from between the two boys, hitting a line of desks with a dull thump. "What the bloody hell do you want from me?" he hissed in agitation.

"Oh, come off it, Snape, we aren't going to hurt you," Black sneered. "We aren't like you Slytherin."

"Please excuse me for mistaking your intentions," Snape snarled. "I have no idea where I got the notion that you might have something nefarious in mind when you brought an underclassman into a deserted, warded room in which the only usable furniture is a *bed!*"

"It's not like that, Snape," Potter offered in a calming tone. "Well, not really...um, maybe you should sit down while we explain?"

"Where would you like me to sit, Potter?" Severus asked icily, raking the room with his eyes. "Maybe on the *bed?*"

"I told you we should have brought some chairs or a couch in here," Black muttered to his friend. "At the very least it would be somewhere else to-"

"Yes, well, maybe we should all just stay standing," Potter decided hastily.

"Well, hurry up with your explanation," Severus commanded coldly, dusting off the back of his robes where he had gained a fine patina of dust from the desks. "Some people have homework to do."

"Got someone to hurry back to?" Black leered, startling an uncomfortable blush out of the Slytherin.

"No, I do not," he snapped back. "Some of us don't have time for that sort of nonsense."

"That's not what Lucius told me-"

"Sirius! Okay, look Snape, here's the deal. Sirius and I made a bet that we need you to settle. Now you can back out of this at any time, you're not being forced to stay here, understand? But you do need to hear us out first."

Snape nodded sharply, intrigued despite himself. Did they make some sort of wager about a Potion? Or maybe they needed a bit of information on another Slytherin that only he would know? "Go on."

"Well, you see..." Potter seemed uncertain how to begin, glancing up at the ceiling in thought while Black snorted impatiently.

"Look, it's pretty simple. Lucius was telling me you give great head, so I told Jamie, right? And I was thinking that Lucius was probably lying his arse off to me, because no *way* a little prude like you would be any good at that, and *Jamie* says that he thinks it's the quiet ones that are always the best in bed because of Rem-"

"Sirius!" Potter interrupted Black's explanation abruptly.

"Oh...uh, yeah. Anyways, so me and Jamie made this bet, and I've got five galleons riding on you being not so good at blow-jobs." Black smiled expectantly at Severus, who was shaking his head, fingers resting lightly on his forehead.

"So let me guess, Black. Now you want me to suck you both off, so you can decide for yourselves?" Severus arched one elegant eyebrow in disbelief.

"Yah, that's about it," Black agreed cheerfully, and the Slytherin sighed.

"And this was the best story you could come up with the either coax some free oral sex out of someone, or to otherwise find some way to humiliate me?"

Potter finally spoke up. "Like I said, you don't have to do this. We really do have the bet, but it's no skin off my back if you'd rather not. Just thought it couldn't hurt to ask."

Severus studied the older boy carefully, frowning slightly. Unlike Black, who could ooze sincerity while telling you the most blatant lies, Potter didn't really have the face for deceit. He considered carefully, then asked, "So what do I get out of it?"

"Oh, we can make it worth your while," Black cut in with a leer. Severus was dismayed to note that the lecherous expression looked equally as attractive on the older boy as the sweeter smiles. Really, some people were just *too* good looking.

Severus leaned back against the old desk, studying the ceiling carefully as he thought. //Well, why not?// After all, it wasn't like he didn't do the same thing with his mates when he felt the urge. There was, after all, a *reason* for his reputation, though he felt like strangling Lucius for letting it slip outside their House. A little fooling around between friends was entirely different than this, though. He wasn't really sure he *trusted* Potter or Black; no, he was *sure* he didn't trust Black.

"And what happens if you both disagree when I'm done?" he asked carefully. Potter shrugged eloquently.

"Then we'll have a neutral third party come in," he said reasonably.

"Why don't I just do the other bloke first, then?" Severus continued suspiciously, finally seeing what the real angle here was. //They've got a friend who can't get laid or something...//

"*Because*," Black explained slyly, "We still want to get something out of the whole thing ourselves. One of us is going to lose five Galleons, might as well get *some* satisfaction out of the affair."

There were a hundred reasons why he should refuse. But this was an interesting change from routine, and he had to admit, he was curious about why Lucius put up with Black's attitude. Here was a chance to find out first hand. "Alright, then."

"Really?" Black asked, and Potter grinned hugely at Severus' nod.

"Brilliant," the bespectacled boy breathed happily.

Severus crossed his arms over his chest, eyeing the two of them. "So, which one of you wants to go first?"

"Oh, that's another thing," Black said, pulling his wand out again and approaching the Slytherin. "We're going to need to blindfold you. Just so as you're not putting in a little extra effort for me, since I'm the one betting against you. Only fair that Jamie and I get the same treatment, don't you think?"

Severus considered, but it was really a little too late to be having second thoughts. Hadn't he told himself he would trust these two for now? If they were planning on blindfolding him and then inviting in the lot of their friends, well, there wasn't much he could do about that. //God, I really *must* be depressed,// he thought wryly, but couldn't bring himself to care overmuch.

"Go on, then," he invited with a sigh, and Black pulled his wand again, tapping Severus between the eyes before the younger boy had a chance to protest.

"*Caecus*," he whispered to the Slytherin, and then everything really *did* go dark. Severus managed to restrain himself from whimpering at the sudden loss of sight. //It's just the blinding curse, I know the counter curse...oh, what the bloody hell have I gotten myself into?//

A warm hand sudden wrapped firmly around his wrist, tugging lightly. Severus followed the pull carefully, shuffling his feet along the ground, not entirely sure Black wouldn't lead him into some lurking furniture. "Step up a bit, there's the edge of the rug," Potter's voice murmured kindly in front of him, and the younger boy relaxed somewhat.

A few moments later, he felt his knees bump lightly against the edge of the bed, then nimble fingers were at the fastenings of his robe. "What-?"

"Wouldn't you feel better with those off?" Black's voice at his ear made him jump a bit, and he could feel the other boy's warm chuckle at the back of his neck as his robes were pulled off, but no more. He felt Black pull away, and stood there in the darkness, listening intently. The rustle of cloth...one or the both of them were removing their clothing? Low murmurs, though he couldn't make out the words. He frowned as he strained his ears.

Suddenly he was pulled forward again, gentle pressure placed on his shoulders, and he sunk to his knees. A thick rug covered the floor here, a relief, since Severus just *knew* he was going to be here for more than the requisite two blow-jobs. He felt someone settle onto the bed in front of him, and he lifted his hands to rest them on cloth covered knees. He smirked.

"Oh, you don't really think we can do this with just your prick poking out of your trousers, do you?" he asked scornfully, evoking an irritated, "Hey!" from someone, sounded like Black. "Well do you want me to do it properly or not?" he added impatiently.

The person in front of him stood abruptly and moved away. Something brushed softly against the side of his thigh...and then the person was back. Severus felt forward again gingerly, encountering nothing but warm skin and muscular thighs. //Now which one is this? They both

play Quidditch, so the muscles are no clue...// He ran his fingertips along the top of the legs, dipping briefly in to smooth against the inner thighs and eliciting a shiver from the person in front of him.

Murmurs from above his head, then...two voices? One of them must be either sitting very close to, or directly behind the other, he concluded. He continued his exploration with long, talented fingers, sliding up the hips and tracing the line of bone there. The back of his right hand brushed against something hot, and he realized whoever this was had an erection that canted slightly to the left.

Ignoring it for now, he pressed his thumb along the slim hips, then ran his fingers down the crease where thighs met waist, brushing delicately against wiry hair. He leaned in, letting his hair fall forward and tingle silkily over the other boy's groin, and breathed out hotly, eliciting a small gasp. Potter?

He finally let his fingers trace down to the demanding erection. The skin was soft and loose...a foreskin, he decided quickly, and carefully pushed it down. Resting his palms on the other boy's inner thighs, he breathed over the head again, and took in some of the rich musk of aroused teenager. Sweet and clean...if it was Potter, he must have recently showered. Wrapping his long fingers around the base of the cock in front of him, he delicately licked the tip.

A squeak and a shiver. Definitely Potter. Now Severus was faced with a decision: Did he give Potter a half-arsed blow because he knew the boy was predisposed in his favor? Or did he uphold the honor of Slytherin House and blow the git's mind? Wrapping his lips firmly around the head of the prick in front of him, he didn't see how he could do any less than his best.

The high-pitched groan that suddenly erupted above him made it well worth it, as he pushed his lips down over the prick in front of him. Medium sized, an easy fit. Hell, he had sucked off Ravi, and that boy was hung better than a donkey. He took it slow at first, flicking his tongue lightly over the tip in a blatant tease and fluttering his fingers around the shaft. As the breathing above him slowly grew more frantic, he firmed up his mouth, applying some pressure. Muscles clenched underneath his hands and he felt Potter's hips start to move a bit.

Grinning around his mouthful, he began to bob his head up and down in earnest, increasing the amount of noise above him exponentially. Since he couldn't see anything, he found himself hanging on every groan and harsh exhalation of breath. Potter was surprisingly quiet, though; he had expected the older boy to be more of a talker. Just lots of stifled moans, caught in the back of the other boy's throat, and heavy panting. He was obviously trying to keep himself quiet, and Severus wondered if that was for the sake of the wager, or simply if the other boy was always like this.

Used to more vocal partners, Severus found himself wanting to urge more from the boy in front of him. He took Potter's cock all the way down his throat, relaxing the muscles, then swallowed around it. The loud "uhn!" that this wrung from the older boy was well worth it, and he licked up and down the shaft a few more times before doing it again.

He got very little warning of Potter's orgasm; a sudden clenching of the other boy's thighs, and then hands fisting in his hair and a bucking up of the hips, and hot semen flooded his mouth. He swallowed quickly, then sat back on his heels, wiping his mouth and grinning satisfaction. Potter's heavy breathing, only marginally coming under control again, told him he'd impressed the older boy.

He felt the bed shift in front of him, then Potter moved back. Severus let his hands drop into his lap again as he waited patiently for Black to move forward. Interestingly, though, there was a

pause, then some wet noises. Were they kissing?

Much to his dismay, he found himself becoming aroused at the thought of the two boys snogging right in front of him, though he couldn't see. He shifted uncomfortably, scrubbing his palms against his thighs, not knowing what the other two could see. For all he knew, they could be staring directly at his crotch right now, or they could be about to shag each other senseless on the bed. He bit his lower lip as he waited.

After what seemed like an eternity, he felt the bed rocking and shifting in front of him again, then two legs sliding down to descend on either side of his body. Long legs, should be Black now. He felt up the thighs once again...more hair than Potter, and thicker muscles, too, though still fairly slender. Leaning in, he realized there was a different smell here, too. Black was sweatier, and his scent was sharper.

Feeling up the legs, caressing over the thighs, then along the line of the stomach, his fingers brushed over Black's erection. He explored the length with teasing fingers: longer than Potter's, and flush up against Black's stomach. Severus pulled it back a little, swiping his tongue over the head. Familiar slightly salty, slightly bitter taste. He sat back and licked it off his lips briefly, smiling at the loud exhalation of breath this action produced. He wondered if it was Potter or Black as he ran his tongue along his lower lip seductively before leaning back in.

Black would need a firmer touch, he guessed as he made an 'o' out of his thumb and forefinger, slicked it with saliva, and slid it around the head of the other boy's prick. He followed the ring of his fingers with his mouth, easing down very slowly, so that Black could feel every inch of himself being engulfed. A groan from above him, and a jerking of the other's hips let Severus know that this was appreciated.

Running his tongue in lazy circles around the head of Black's prick, he considered his approach. Just as he was about to dive down again, he heard a desire-roughened voice above him, muttering.

"Oh, God yeah, just like that, come on," the voice, undoubtedly Black, urged. He heard a quiet whisper, and then felt movement above him as he continued teasing the head of Black's cock with his tongue, flickering across the hole curiously.

"Oh, Jesus, so hot, so good..." More movement above, then, and as Severus pulled back a bit, he felt something odd brush the top of his head, something soft but big? He couldn't figure out what it was, so he swallowed the prick in his hand again, twisting his fingers slowly around the base.

The mystery was solved as Black started talking again. This time he was almost indecipherable and muffled...//Potter must have given him a pillow to bite,// Severus thought gleefully. Whatever Black wanted to implore him to do was lost in the cushion above him, and the Slytherin turned back to his task with a will.

He pulled his mouth almost completely off Black's prick, swirling his tongue over the head teasingly before pushing down slowly again. A few more of these long, slow strokes had Black writhing and yammering, so that Severus almost missed the subtle sound to his left. But there it was again: a breathy moan from someone definitely trying to stifle themselves.

Potter was still on the bed as far as he knew, so who was this? Severus popped the head of Black's prick in and out of his mouth a few times in what he knew from experience was a blatantly seductive move: it showed his red, now-swollen lips off to their best advantage as well as shining the cock in front of him with spit. It worked, the anonymous third person made

another noise, this more like a low growl.

Intrigued, Severus continued to suck Black while keeping this new observer in mind: he flipped his shoulder-length hair to the opposite side, exposing the long column of his throat as he swallowed around the long cock; he made it a point to lick up and down every few strokes along the underside of the erection; he made little murmurs around his mouthful, as though he were immensely enjoying the whole thing.

In fact, he had to admit to himself, he *was* having a rather good time. Black was babbling non-stop over him, which gave a lovely little rush of power; Potter was panting heavily as well, and this other person was trying desperately to stifle his increasingly loud moans. Suddenly Black's hands descended upon him, clutching at Severus' shoulders and raking in great handfuls of his shirt. He began pistoning his hips wildly, and the Slytherin suddenly had to focus everything on not choking as Black fucked his mouth.

One last, desperate heave from Black, and hot come splattered the back of his throat. Severus swallowed greedily, but a bit managed to escape anyway, dribbling out the side of his lips. Finally, Black released him, and he sat back, licking his lips like a cat after the last of the cream.

"So?" he demanded, staring blindly up at what he assumed was Black. "What's the verdict?"

He knew damned well that he'd given both Black and Potter the sucking off of their lives, but then there was that third person...one of them was going to lie. He knew it, and wasn't surprised when Black began shakily, "Well, we still can't-"

"Oh, come off it, Black," Severus snapped out impatiently. "As if I couldn't hear you blithering on like an idiot. I know damn well that Potter won your bet."

"Look-" Black began, sounding irritated, and Severus took great pleasure in cutting him off once again.

"If this is about your friend, I'm willing to throw in one for free," he continued smugly. "Seeing as I'm already here and all."

"Oh." He could feel the bed shifting again, then a whispered conversation.

"Are you sure, Snape?" Potter this time, his voice curious.

"I won't be if we keep discussing it," Severus pointed out dryly, then turned his head towards where he had heard the last of those breathy, rough-edged moans. "Come on then."

The sudden gasp from that direction was well worth it. He felt Black pull back, presumably to the other side of the bed. He didn't think anyone actually moved off the bed, as he heard no feet hitting the floor, but he couldn't be sure. Then soft footsteps from the direction of the other person...he had a sudden apprehension: what if it was Pettigrew? He had guessed it must either be Pettigrew or Lupin, but for some reason, he really didn't want it to be the younger boy.

Not because he didn't like Pettigrew: he knew nothing about the boy. And it didn't matter what he looked like - Evan was fairly unattractive, and Avery almost ugly, and Severus had no problem messing around with them when he felt the urge. It was just...for some reason he hoped it was Lupin.

//You don't know Lupin, either,// he told himself sternly, but it didn't stop the excited little flutter at the bottom of his stomach. It was difficult to school his face into a slightly bored expression, and he had no way to know if he had succeeded, as he couldn't actually see

anything.

The soft touch of fingers on the top of his head was his only warning that the third boy had reached the bed. They lingered briefly in his hair, and robes brushed against his arm as he reached out instinctively, finding a leg under the soft fabric of old denim pants. Thick calves...and then the person was moving away to the rustle of clothing. Oh, taking his robes and jeans off, probably.

Severus waited patiently, resting his hands on his thighs. He could hear more rustling around from the bed, then the third person moving past him to settle himself in front of the Slytherin as Black and Potter had done before. Almost immediately, he felt those hands in his hair again, and he stopped, turning his face blindly upwards.

Clever fingers carded through his messy black locks. It took a few moments for Severus to realize that the other boy intended to leave them there, and he hesitantly ran his hands along the third boy's thighs. Thick, too, well muscled, more so than either of the other two Gryffindors. Hair, here, but smooth along the inner thighs, skin remarkably soft, and somehow warmer than usual, as though this boy were running a fever.

A soft exhalation of breath from above, and then Severus leaned in, breathing warmly along the new boy's thighs. A rich, musky smell, far stronger than anything previous, and Severus absolutely had to taste it. Licking delicately along the other's inner thighs, he tasted sweat, and something...sweet? Faintly...he nipped the soft flesh here lightly, pleased at the small yip from the other boy.

He ran his hands up further, finally encountering the third cock. Not long, this one, but thick, especially at the base. Velvet softness over steel, and even hotter than the skin, as though it were burning up from the inside. Taking a deep breath, Severus leaned forward to taste it.

The resulting groan from above him was extremely gratifying. Without knowing why, he turned his eyes upwards, as though looking up at the other boy. Up to this point, he had not been terribly bothered by his lack of sight, but now he desperately wanted to see this boy's face as he slowly took the prick into his mouth, lips parting inexorably.

Those fingers stilled for a moment in his hair, just resting against his scalp as he moved down, stretching his mouth. A few strokes, and he wet the erection thoroughly, allowing his lips to slip up and down more easily. He moved one hand into place beneath his chin, softly stroking the other boy's balls, rolling them between his fingers.

Another moan, this time longer, pained-sounding, almost. The fingers in his hair were moving again, stroking encouragingly, one finger tracing the shell of his right ear in an entirely distracting manner. Trying to focus, he deep-throated the thick cock, rolling his tongue over it earnestly.

With his nose buried in crinkly, fragrant hair, and his throat stoppered with hot flesh, he felt suffocated, completely plugged up. It was both delicious and somewhat frightening, and he pulled back from the intensity of it. He held the head of the other's cock between his talented lips briefly, sucking on it thoughtfully, as one might a quill during a particularly difficult quiz, his fingers playing idly around the base.

The other boy began rubbing just behind his right ear, tiny circles that wrung a small "mm" from Severus. The other hand moved to the back of his skull to urge him downwards once more, pressing lightly, not demanding, but asking. The Slytherin considered, then bobbed his head down again to take in the entire prick.

Another moan, this one more growly, lower than the last, sounding almost like an animal. Severus began moving his mouth more insistently, bobbing up and down, when he felt the bed shift again.

"Isn't he lovely when he's doing that?" Instinctively, Severus rolled his eyes upwards again. Potter's voice, a low murmur, must be right next to the other boy's head. "Just watch him," Potter continued, in a coaxing drawl that he would have never thought the boy capable of if he hadn't heard it himself. "How much he loves to do this...isn't he perfect at it?"

He heard the boy above him mutter an assent, and though he strained, he still didn't quite recognize the voice. Oh, there was something familiar about it, to be sure, but it was too rough to tell whether it was Pettigrew or Lupin. Or someone else entirely. He kept his eyes turned upwards as he continued to work the scorching cock, massaging firmly the spot just below the other boy's balls with his thumb.

Unlike Potter or Black, the other boy sat still beneath his ministrations, though the muscles his thighs bunched with the effort of remaining so. Severus began to move a bit quicker, rubbing at that spot over and over with his fingers and sliding his lips up and down the other boy's length. More low growls rewarded his efforts.

Daringly, he decided to run one hand up the boy's stomach. Hard with muscle here, too, then up to his broad chest...Severus' deft fingers soon found a peaked nipple, and he brushed over it firmly, changing the growls to sudden breathy gasps. The Slytherin pinched it and rolled it between thumb and forefinger almost roughly, liking the feel of the wrinkled flesh.

It seemed, however, that it was all too much for the other boy, whose moan suddenly developed a hitch. He came with a low cry, his fingers gripping Severus' hair desperately, and the Slytherin swallowed, pleased. He started to sit back, when those hands firmed themselves on either side of his head and pulled him up from sitting back on his heels.

The hot mouth on his came utterly without warning, and this was the only reason he could think of for why he immediately parted his lips for a questing tongue. But once involved, he had to admit the kiss was certainly a rather good idea, though he felt thoroughly plundered by a tongue that seemed determined to lick every last bit of come out of his mouth. He ran his hands over the bare chest - realizing distantly that the boy was completely naked - and the wide shoulders, before finding thick hair. Not long, but not short either, coarse and shaggy. A thick neck as well, and...

Before he could discover any more, the other boy pulled back, gasping. "God," he murmured to Severus, "You're absolutely amazing at that," not clarifying whether he meant the oral sex or the kiss afterwards.

"Thank you," Severus replied, a bit breathless himself, and wishing madly that he could see this boy's face. Thick, somewhat callused fingers ran along his cheek, exploring his face with what felt almost like reverence.

"Stand up," the new voice whispered again, almost musically. Severus complied, standing in front of the third boy somewhat nervously, not knowing what to do with his hands. He felt the boy's own hands resting warmly at his hips, before moving upwards to undo the laces on his shirt.

"What are you-?"

"Shhh," the other interrupted gently, placing one finger at his lips. "Aren't you supposed to get

something out of this, too?"

Severus nodded as the boy drew his shirt over his head, leaving his slender torso exposed to the cool air. He shivered slightly as he brought his hands up in the air to flutter, birdlike, before settling on the other boy's warm shoulders. "And you're my reward?" He couldn't help but ask in a dry, sarcastic tone, ignoring the flutter in his stomach.

Those broad hands, gently unthreading his belt, stopped. "If you want me to be," the other responded carefully, no longer whispering, this time his voice a low murmur. Welsh accent.

"Um," Severus flicked his eyes to the left unconsciously, as though looking away. "Yeah. Yeah, okay."

The hands began moving again, and he could hear the small, relieved exhalation of breath in front of him, feel it on his stomach, making him shiver a bit. Clumsy fingers at his fly, and then his trousers and pants were slipping down his thighs, pooling on the floor. Leaning heavily on the other boy, he stepped out of them, then stood there, waiting.

There was a long pause, and Severus didn't know what to do with his eyes, his face. Finally, the other boy wrapped thick arms around his waist and rubbed his cheek along the Slytherin's stomach, his thick hair tickling slightly. The other boy's chest pressed against Severus' erection firmly, and he shifted his hips surreptitiously.

The other pulled back suddenly, leaving Severus' body gasping with the absence. He bit back a disappointed noise, then heard the other boy. "Come on, then. Climb up here." Ah, he had simply retreated back further onto the bed.

Severus followed on his hands and knees, the softness of the covers and mattress a relief after the hard, cold press of the rug. He moved forward slowly, until one outstretched hand ran into a warm thigh. "Lay down," he was instructed, and wasn't Lupin Welsh? The Slytherin cursed the fact that he had so few classes with the other boy.

He collapsed onto his side, aligned with his partner, not quite touching. But the other wasn't so shy, and he scooted in quickly to press their bodies together, chest to chest, thigh to thigh. Severus could feel the top of the other boy's head at the level of his chin and thought that he must be quite a bit shorter than the tall Slytherin. He dipped his head to sniff at the thick mass as his partner rolled his hips, sliding Severus' erection into the other boy's muscled stomach.

He gasped into the darkness as the sensation of heat that went winging through his body at the intense contact. His arms tightened automatically around the other boy who was slowly becoming Lupin in his mind. He imagined the hair that his gasp disheveled was a warm honey brown, the slightly uneven skin under his fingers (scars, maybe?) was a rich cream.

He felt Lupin's hand grasp firmly at one hip and the other boy's head tilt back. Automatically he tipped his chin down to kiss the other, missing his mouth at first and licking delicately at his cheek. Lupin laughed, a low, throaty sound, and adjusted so that their lips brushed together, rough silk, and parted to each other. Their tongues tangled tentatively as they learned each other slowly, hands stroking and caressing across unfamiliar skin.

As they kissed, Severus felt Lupin's cock stirring against him, regaining life in vital twitches. He reached down between their bodies to stroke the growing erection firmly, grinning as Lupin moaned into his mouth, and lightly biting down on the Gryffindor's tongue.

He had almost forgotten about the other two boys in the room; when he felt the light touch

along his back he jerked in shock. Another low laugh in front of him and Lupin brought his hands up to stroke soothingly along Severus' face. He felt another weight settle behind him, a body almost as long as his aligning with him. Must be Black. A gasp from Lupin as he strained to figure out what Black was doing...maybe Potter on the other side? Indeed, he felt an unfamiliar callused hand ghost over his hip before settling on Lupin's.

"Ohh..." the younger Gryffindor moaned, and Severus felt a brief spike of jealousy that washed away in the sudden sensation of a hot mouth closing on the back of his neck. He let out his own quiet moan, pressing forward to kiss Lupin again.

After another long moment of tangled tongues and gasping breaths, they both pulled back. Black was slowly tonguing his way down Severus' spine and Lupin was clutching at his shoulders as he clutched at Lupin's hips. Now Black was doing something terribly wicked with his teeth and the Slytherin couldn't help but groan as the small of his back was thoroughly devoured.

Suddenly he felt the body behind him pulling away for a moment, then the cool touch of something small at the base of his spine. A whispered, "*Eluo*," and he felt the coolness spread from the tip of what must be a wand throughout him. A cleansing charm. Severus blinked into the darkness; this was a rather *intimate* charm, and was usually only used before...oh.

"Black, what do you think you're doing?" he demanded irritably, receiving only a laugh from behind him as Black moved back into place, licking and suckling now at the backs of his thighs.

"Don't worry," Lupin murmured to him, burying his face in Severus' neck. "He's very...oh!...very good at it." As if to calm him, Lupin began sucking at the pulse point at his throat, using lips and tongue in a manner every bit as skilled as Black.

Severus decided to give himself up to the torrent of sensation as Black parted his arse cheeks and began flicking that amazing tongue over his hole. He panted into Lupin's hair, unable to stop his hips from writhing, grinding his erection against the other Gryffindor's again. He was hardly experienced in this arena; two drunken encounters with Evan had brought both boys to the decision that maybe anal sex wasn't the best thing to attempt either when pissed, or between more casual partners.

If it had just been Black or Potter, Severus thought he might have refused. But as he felt the older boy sucking at his hole and slipping the tip of his tongue up there, he found he couldn't. It just felt too good, and with Lupin gasping and wriggling in front of him, the whole proposition seemed rather exciting.

He felt Black sitting up again, then the press of another prick into his hip as Black leaned over him. Wet noises. Black and Potter must be kissing again, he thought, since he knew damn well what Lupin's mouth was doing: it was attached firmly to his collarbone and driving him mad.

Black and Potter both slipped back, and Lupin finally detached himself, bringing his hands up to gently stroke Severus' cheeks and jawline. He scooted up slightly, and the two boys pressed their foreheads together. "Just relax," Lupin urged him, as he felt Black slide a finger down his arse, massaging his hole with some sort of oil. He bit his lower lip to keep from crying out as that finger slid in...and in and in - it felt impossibly long.

"Shh, relax, love, relax," Lupin continued, but his voice was uneven as well, and Severus guessed he was getting similar treatment from Potter. He let out a shuddering breath as Black carefully slid his finger in and out, getting him used to the sensation.

"You're so tight, God, so tight," Black murmured into his ear, and Severus had been wondering when he was going to start talking.

"Is he?" Potter asked from the other side, his voice low and seductive.

"Mm," Black replied, "He's either a virgin, or close to it. Lovely." He pushed two fingers in, now, and Severus yelped, to his embarrassment. It was only a bit painful, less than he had been led to expect from his clumsy encounters with Evan, but it felt so odd.

"I'm not-" he tried to protest in a strained voice, but was cut off by Lupin biting his lower lip lightly. He gave in to the kiss, concentrating on that when the third finger went in, stretching him out. It burned a bit more, but there was something warmer under the burn, spreading through his body, and starting to catch the edge of pleasure finally.

Then all the fingers were gone, and a wet sound was caught by his straining ears. Black was oiling his cock behind him, and Potter was doing the same. Lupin pulled back from his mouth, pressing their foreheads together again, a strangely conspiratorial gesture that comforted Severus.

"This is it, love," the Gryffindor whispered, his voice trembling with anticipation. "Feel it?" Indeed, he could feel the blunt head of Black's prick pressing against him, and he almost panicked: surely something that big couldn't possibly fit? But Lupin was stroking his face with the tips of his fingers and continuing in that dreamy Welsh lilt, "It'll hurt a bit at first, but oh, soon it'll feel so-" He was cut off by a low moan as Potter moved forward. He felt Black press in at the same time.

And this *did* hurt, far more than the fingers, an intense heat that seemed almost unbearable as it swallowed him, and he cried out, his breath mingling with Lupin's as the other boy moaned in time with him. And Black was still feeding that monstrous length into him inch by torturous inch...and finally the older boy stopped, panting against his neck.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God, you're so tight, so hot, so perfect, oh God, I can't-" Black muttered behind him.

"Hold still," Potter instructed, his voice breathy and drowned. "Let him- oh shit!" Severus felt Lupin push his hips back against Potter, and now he was starting to get used to the feeling, he was relaxing a bit, and maybe he could handle the enormous length inside him, if only he could move.

He pulled forward experimentally, then pressed back onto Black, feeling the throbbing of the other boy's prick sliding in and out a few inches. It was one of the strangest sensations he'd ever experienced, but there was something being nudged inside of him that was turning the heat to something else, something good. And behind him, Black was groaning helplessly, long fingers digging into his hips hard enough to bruise.

"Oh yeah, yeahyeahyeah, just a little-" he thrust in suddenly, wringing a gasp from Severus, "Oh, please, so hot, tiiight, mmnn, uhn." Severus began rocking his hips slowly, getting used to the shallow thrusts. He moaned quietly, his mellow baritone mingling with the growling noises Lupin was making. And though it was Black fucking him, Black lengthening the strokes - and why did it never feel this good with Evan? - it was Lupin he couldn't stop touching, Lupin he was sharing this with.

Black's running dialogue was starting to degenerate into unintelligible muttering as Potter started up his own higher-pitched sighs, and Severus felt as though he were drowning in a sea of

sound and sensation. Lupin was pulling his lip into his mouth rhythmically, little sucking kisses, and pinching sporadically at his nipples, and there was only one thing missing.

Reaching between them, Severus grasped their erections, pushing restlessly against each other, and wrapped them both in one long fingered hand. Lupin immediately let out an actual snarl, and then the Gryffindor's broader hand dropped down to rest over his, tangling their fingers and forming a tight cage over their pricks. They stroked and rubbed together, and quite suddenly everything became too much.

The hot throb in his arse, the delicious sweat-slick friction on his cock, Lupin's low cries of passion and warm breath at his mouth; he could no longer hold on. Severus came with a strangled groan, his entire body thrumming with energy, and Lupin was only two strokes after, growling like a wild animal and clutching onto him for dear life.

As though this were a signal to Black, the older Gryffindor let go completely and pounded into Severus violently, his litany now a constant stream of "Ohgodohjesusohgodohjesusshitfuckohgod!" Potter had gone silent, only the sound of his labored breath left. They came within seconds of each other, Black practically screaming, and Potter grunting.

The four lay there panting for awhile, Lupin raining small kisses all over Severus' face, returning to his mouth for a lingering exchange every third kiss. Severus ran his hands in slow circles over Lupin's skin, touching whatever he could reach, and he felt Black and Potter reach over them to tangle their fingers together.

"So," he finally heard Black mutter in his familiar smug tones, "Is that good enough payment, Snape?"

He really wanted to snap something suitably sharp back, but at that moment Lupin licked across his lower lip lazily and he was distracted for several breathless moments. When he was finally able to answer, he only could mutter a contented assent.

Black carefully pulled out from him and he felt Potter moving on the other side as both older boys slipped off the bed, leaving only Lupin and Severus. The two younger boys lay together for awhile longer until, with a sigh of regret, Lupin pulled back and slipped off the bed.

"Wait," Severus said, sitting up, then bit his lip. He wasn't going to beg, he was a Slytherin! But Lupin was silent and he heard the rustle of clothing, the other boys getting dressed. His own pile of clothing was pressed gently against his thigh by an unknown hand, and he set about getting dressed in silent frustration.

Finally clothed, he sat on the edge of the bed, his mind reeling in aftershock. Was it really Lupin who had just been fucked with him? What did this mean? After all, this was supposed to be just a casual thing, the settling of a wager. So why did it feel like something else?

Movement of air in front of him, then Black's voice. "*Finite incantatum*." The sudden glow of the candles pricked at his eyes, and he narrowed them in defense. A quick survey of the room found only Black standing in front of him and looking down with an inscrutable expression, and Potter smiling over in the corner.

"Where's-" he cut himself off, then started again, "Where's the other one?"

"He left," Potter answered, his smile growing a bit wider. Severus scowled at him.

"Who was it, then?" he demanded.

"Why do you care?" Black asked, almost angrily. Severus looked up at him in surprise, but he still couldn't read that expression. Odd, Black was usually so open with his emotions. He looked...sated, yes, but something else as well. Were he and Lupin lovers? What would Lucius say?

"I just want to know," he found himself answering, defensively. He glanced over at Potter, whose smile at this point was positively smug. Clearly the Gryffindor seeker was as pleased at his interest in the mysterious third as Black was inscrutably unhappy with it. "It's Remus Lupin, isn't it?"

Potter glanced at the floor, but the warmth in his brown eyes gave it away; Severus had been right. But Black interrupted quickly. "It doesn't matter who it was. The wager's settled...you're-" He stopped, glanced down at the floor, "You're bloody brilliant."

"I know," Severus answered, stooping to pick up his robes, and pulling them on over the rest of his clothes slowly. "Why won't you tell me-?"

"Just leave it," Black snapped. "You should go back to your House now."

Severus opened his mouth to protest more, then decided against it. He could approach Lupin himself tomorrow. He nodded instead, and swept haughtily over to the door to leave, Black and Potter following him. As he opened the door, he felt a possessive hand on his shoulder, and he turned in surprise.

It was Black. "We'll be seeing you around, hm, Snape?" the older boy questioned in a low voice, then turned away, closing the door behind him, leaving the Slytherin gaping at the pitted wood.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!